



For the YOUNG PEOPLE



Turning the Tables

"You daunt yourself!" cried Harry. "You daunt yourself!" replied Eddie, while the Braves gave him the laugh. "We're all done it, Ed," explained Phil, whom the boys called Big Foot. "That's one of our rules. If you want to join the Big Toe Tribe you've got to prove your mettle."

"I'm not afraid," said Eddie. "Oh, no!" chorused the Braves scornfully. Eddie smiled mysteriously. "I'll be there tomorrow night," he said. "Later he might have been seen talking to his neighbors, twin sisters named May and June."

"The Braves have asked me to join," he explained. "But to show how much nerve I've got I have to go to the cemetery tomorrow night and sit on a tombstone for an hour. I'm not afraid of spooky things, but I know as well as anything that the fellows mean to spring a joke on me, and they may be pretty mean and rough about it too. They pushed Charlie into a big hole and pretty near buried him alive. Still I guess I'm worth anything I ought to be able to see it through."

"Smarties" would be a better name for them than "Braves," said May. "Indie, come here. We're going for a walk."

Indie, their large black cat, jumped lightly down from his favorite perch on the rose trellis and sauntered along beside his mistress. He had been trained from kittenhood to follow them like a dog and to perform many tricks.

"Girls are wise not to go in for rough stuff," thought Ed. "A mouse would make 'em shout." However he would have been glad enough to break his promise the next night as he prepared to go to the cemetery. He had said he wasn't afraid of spooky things, but of the behavior of his friends. Still he was not the kind to give in without a struggle. He had a plan.

He had often been in the cemetery, which was an old deserted one, and he had noticed a certain tombstone which had fallen over. Whoever had put it up had been economical for it was so small and light that Eddie found he could drag it easily to a sheltered spot under a tree. His bargain was to sit on a tombstone—it wasn't specified where. He planned to take the tombstone beyond the sacred confines. Into the road where there were a little pleasanter, and there in the dark shadow of a tree or bush, spend an hour in peace and quiet.

To make things easier for himself he put on a black costume his mother had made for him once when he was a friar in a play at school. Then he blacked his face and hands, and taking his flashlight with him he hastened to the cemetery.

The cemetery was a lonely spot just outside the village on a knoll amid dark fir trees. Ed crept softly along the hedge until he reached a break which he knew about and once inside he stumbled slowly in the direction of the fallen tombstone. His sense of direction was so good he soon found the stone and began to drag it to the brow of the knoll which was only a few feet away.

"What's that?" The wind was hissing and whispering in the trees, but suddenly the whispering and hissing seemed to grow louder and Ed heard words. "Scared to come. I told you so," said a voice.

"He may show up yet," said another voice. "The Braves!" thought Eddie. "They're here, lying in wait for me." He dared not drag the stone any further, so he sat down on it and waited, and then the first thing he knew a flashlight was turned full upon him and a voice, which he knew was

Big Foot Phil's, growled: "Who-o-o are you, dead man?" "Aha!" thought Eddie. "they're going to play the same game on me they played on Charlie."

He could not escape very well while they stood the flashlight on him so he played his ground grimly. The other Braves came up with a stout rope which they tied around their victim beginning at his ankles until he was all trussed up from head to foot.

"Now, here ye shall stay till morn," said Big Foot, trying to disguise his voice. "Say now!" remonstrated Ed. "What did I ever do to you?" "Silence!" growled all the Braves. From the tree above them came a queer growl then a f-fah! Like a cat spitting. "What's that?" they whispered.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Eddie. "and you call yourselves brave!" "Just for that we'll leave you here with—it!" said Big Foot. "All right," replied Eddie. "only put me on a tombstone so I can get credit for being brave."

"Put yourself on it," retorted the Braves.



"Well," He Explained, "I'll Never Say Girls Are Cowards Again!"

"Oh, well, it don't matter," replied Eddie. "I don't know as I care about belonging to the Big Toe Tribe anyway."

But this last was lost on the Braves, for they had gone hastily away. "Ed!" called a voice from the tree. "Hello, May and June!" replied Ed.

"As soon as I heard your out up there I knew you must be around. What are you doing here and where are you?"

"Up in the tree," replied one of the girls. "We came to rescue you from those smarties." Down slid the girls and quickly unbound Eddie.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "I'll never say girls are cowards again! But for a minute when your cat began hissing and growling I did think that a wild cat might be roosting in the tree."

He did not try to express his thanks just then but he made up his mind that he would repay the kindness of his neighbors if he had to wait ever so long for the chance. Down from the tree slid the big black cat, invis-

ble in the darkness except for its big green eyes. Then they walked comfortably out of the cemetery.

When they reached the road they met the Braves standing in a ring arguing about something. "Hello!" shouted all three. "Braves! Ha, ha!"

And then because there were more Braves than they cared to tussle with, they ran off as fast as they could scamper for home. Thud, thud, thud! The whole gang was after them—right at their heels. They never ran so fast in their lives. Just as they reached home Big Foot overtook them.

"W-wait!" he panted. Eddie stopped and turned around. "We've decided to let you in," said Phil.

"Oh, is that all?" replied Ed. "Well, I guess I won't join, thank you. I don't like your kind of bravery." "We've decided not to pull off any more stunts on fellows," said Big Foot.

"Then," replied Ed, "I'd be good and glad to join."

BUSTER BULL-FROG

IT IS all from the way one looks at a thing whether it is pleasant or not. Now, to people, those great two-legged creatures that waste so much time sitting on the bank with a long pole in their hands. I think they call it fishing, a boggy swamp with rushes and cat-tails growing all about, and with no neighbors but mosquitoes, wiggle-tails, tadpoles and snakes would seem the last place in the world for a home.

But you see, I was born in just such a place, and it is the only home I have ever known, of course it seems all right to me. Now, I have some kin-folks the rusty old toad for instance, who can get along pretty well where there is no water, but we want water and plenty of it too. In fact if I had to live like the toad, miles and miles from pond, and if I had to sit and doze the day away back under the shade of a cabbage leaf, and when evening came, hop down the walk and make my supper of a cut-worm or two, and one of those warm-f-and-over-burning bugs, I am sure I could not stand it. Why if my skin ever gets right dry, I have the queerest feeling, until I dive in and come out all cool, damp and dripping.

On a hot summer day, about the time the distant factory whistles are blowing for dinner, I just love to swim away out in the pond where the big lily leaves make a regular little green island and to come up under the shade of a leaf, with just my eyes and nose above the water, and there floating head up and feet down take a long nap. For a mid-day nap that beats all the hammocks in the world. I am sitting alone in water that is for a

frog, but I cannot remember the day that I could not swim just as well as I can now. When you are in the water, and want to go anywhere, why, just the most natural thing is to kick out behind and push yourself along. Swimming is just as natural as breathing with us, and is a heap less trouble than walking, or rather hopping.

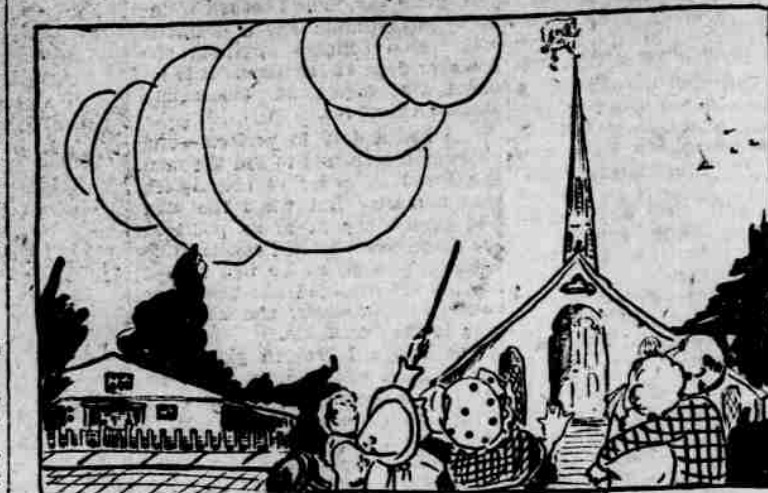
One day a man was sitting on the



BUSTER BULL-FROG

bank, fishing as usual, and I heard him tell another man that frogs, bull-frogs, that is were the best swimmers in the world, and if a man wanted to learn to swim, all he had to do was to watch a frog and see how it drew up its long legs and then kicked them out again. Our hind legs seem to have been made for swimming and long-distance jumping. These long hind legs, are as tender as fried chicken and some people say they taste better but they are geared up with a system of spring-like sinews that when suddenly released, act like steel springs and send us bounding through the water or sailing through the air just as if we were motor driven. Sometimes we leave the water and go out in the

Careless May



A BRIGHT and gentle child was May.

But oh! with such a careless way! Holes in her stockings, flounces torn. Her hands unwashed from night till morn—

And pins where buttons ought to be. Her parents blushed her plight to see!

"A thread and needle, is indeed What you, my child, most sorely need."

Her mother said and I must sigh To write of careless May's reply—"I'll learn to sew, Mamma, tomorrow."

Too late, she found much to her sorrow! That very evening on the street, A great breeze blew with hail and sleet.

So strong a gale it took poor May Right off her feet, up and away. Across the street and up she flew, Frightened to fainting, as would you.

Over the housetops, and in tatters Went her old frock and round it scal-

lers; Pins and buttons too loose to hold, Rags and strings and a shoe unsoled. And in front of all the staring people Her petticoat caught on the Church steeple.

There she hung, but in what a plight! There were no buttons to hold her tight!

Rip! went the petticoat and it would Have been May's end if her Pa hadn't stood Right under to catch her—but mercy me!

In what a pitiful plight was she! They hustled her home while people smiled—

"That comes of being a careless child!" But though she was careless, little May Earned a lesson well that day. And now the folk in town who know, All tell how nicely May can sew!

BILLY AND HIS "GRUMBLE-CHUM"

BILLY was a most unhappy little boy. Everything seemed to go wrong today.

First he had broken Marjorie's pet doll, of course, he had not meant to, and had only been trying to find out what made her eyes open and shut. Then at dinner he had upset a whole glass of water over Marjorie's pretty new dress, and Fraulein had sent him up to his room, to stay there until Mother came home.

Things always did seem to go wrong when Mother was away. "Quackey, Quackey! Billy is very mis'able," and

he hugged the little yellow duck which always reminded him of the swans at the lake.

"I wish I was a little duck like you, or a little swan. I'm tired of being a little boy, and of Fraulein's scolding just for nothing, and I'm not going to stay up here alone any longer. Quackey, I'm just going down to those swans, and see if you and I can't go and live with them. They do exactly as they like, and so will we. They don't have to learn lessons or wash their hands every minute of the day, they haven't any to wash," finished

with a giggle.

Of course, Quackey never said one word to prevent him, so clutching his "Grumble-chum," off he trotted softly down the stairs, and out at the front door. All was quiet, and no one saw him as he ran down the path, across the garden to the lake where the swans lived. There were two of them, sailing towards him now with their pretty curving necks, golden bills, and snowy feathers.

Billy felt a little bit frightened, but began bravely. "Please, Mr. Swan, may Quackey and I come and live with you. I'm tired of being scolded at home, and I think it would be much nicer. You don't have to go to bed before you want to, or get up when you are told, or wear horrid clothes that are always getting torn, or eat stew with carrots and peas when you don't like it, or do anything like that. May we come please?"

Billy was so busy explaining matters to the swans, that he did not see an amused face smiling at him through the bushes, but the next minute he felt himself lifted up in someone's arms, and there was Mother "kissing him like everything," as he explained to Quackey afterwards, who was left neglected on the ground.

"So you want to go and live with the swans! And what do you think Mother and Dad would do without their Billy-boy," she said fondly. "Suppose we sit down under this nice big tree, and you tell Mother whatever made you think of such a thing."

"Oh, Mother, things were awful bad today," shaking his head sadly. "Fraulein says I am the worst boy that ever happened, and so I thought perhaps I'd make a better swan. Truly I didn't mean to be naughty, Mother dear, but somehow it seems so hard to be good."

"Just tell Mother all about it, and we'll see what can be done." That was just like Mother, she always seemed to understand, and put things right at once.

So Billy snuggled up close, and started with the tale of the day's happenings, and when he had finished Mother kissed him again and said,

"Well, I think we can make all that right, and do better than have you go and live with swans. You know you would find it very uncomfortable. For instance, instead of your usual farina and boiled eggs for breakfast, you would only get cold water, and perhaps a worm, or a little raw fish; that would be worse than stew with carrots and peas, wouldn't it? And then in the winter you would have no nice cozy bed to sleep in, no Dad, no Mother, no little Sister, or nice toys to play with. And—Billy—no Christmas tree, no Santa Claus, for he never visits the swan children, you know."

Billy was silent, then he said, "I never thought of all those things at all."

"Of course, you didn't, son, don't you think it is better to be Mother's own Billy-boy, and whenever things happen again to trouble you, to wait and tell Mother all about it? Promise me, Billy," and there was a trace of anxiety in her voice.

"I promise, Mother," said Billy. Mother smiled. "Now let us pick up poor old Quackey, and go home and tell Fraulein that you are going to have another try at being the best. Instead of the worst boy that ever happened."

He left Quackey attached to a small twig. Be careful not to have the twig too long or thick or it will interfere with the pressing. It is useful when collecting the leaves to place them in a small light box with a close fitting lid. It is also wise to put a layer of damp (not wet) moss or grass in the bottom of the box to keep the leaves from drying and curling up. For drying the leaves old smooth newspaper will do just as well as the most expensive blotting paper. When ar-



Please Mr. Swan May Quackey And I Come To Live With You

Puzzle Corner

ROMAN NUMERAL DELETIONS

1. Take a Roman numeral from a poet and leave an obstruction.
2. Take a Roman numeral from a long cut and find part of a window.
3. Take a Roman numeral from lawstation and find a coloring substance.
4. Take a Roman numeral from perfume and find to despatch.
5. Take a Roman numeral from dull and find sedate.
6. Take a Roman numeral from "to prattle" and find the head.

ENIGMA
My first is in gold but not in silver,
My second is in cold but not in hot,
My third is in tree but not in bush.

ANSWERS
ROMAN NUMERAL DELETIONS—
1. Bard-Bar. 2. Slash-Sash. 3. Plain-Paint. 4. Scent-Sent. 5. Somder-Sober. 6. Grate-Grate.

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SPORT PUZZLE
BY WALTER WELLMAN



AUTUMN LEAVES AND HOW TO PRESS THEM

WHO does not love the beautiful colors that dot the horizon in the autumn, and who does not love to gather the brightly colored leaves that blow from the trees and carry them home for mother to see?

Do you know the different colors of the trees in autumn? The Maples are yellow and fiery-red. The Oaks are red and morocco-red. The beeches are nut-brown. The grasses turn straw-yellow and the weeds turn brown; and each kind of weed has a color of its very own and each plant has its own color. Surely there is a wealth of color flooding the autumn landscape and it is no wonder that many of you are tempted to preserve

the beautiful leaves that you gather while on your autumn walks.

When gathering the leaves always select those that are fully matured. It is always best to secure them in small bunches, each bunch to contain several leaves attached to a small twig. Be careful not to have the twig too long or thick or it will interfere with the pressing. It is useful when collecting the leaves to place them in a small light box with a close fitting lid. It is also wise to put a layer of damp (not wet) moss or grass in the bottom of the box to keep the leaves from drying and curling up. For drying the leaves old smooth newspaper will do just as well as the most expensive blotting paper. When ar-

ranging the leaves between the newspapers try to place those of the same thickness together so that there will be even thickness when the weights are applied. The weights to press the leaves may be anything heavy—big books, old soap boxes filled with stones or sand or earth. The time required for drying the leaves varies with the amount of sap they contain and the dryness of the atmosphere. After the leaves are dry and pressed, remove the weights and the leaves may be prettily mounted so that they may be indefinitely preserved. Card-board or heavy mounting paper is good for this purpose and warm glue is the most efficient for sticking qualities. Tops for blotters, or covers for

books as well as book markers and fancy cards may be made from the mounted leaves. Try them. They make very inexpensive and seasonable gifts; and the leaves are such fun to collect and press and mount.

to form, bore a row of 5-16 inch holes, removing the stock for the cut out in this part. Finish the sides of this slot with a knife, rat tail file and sandpaper. The sides must be very smooth so part F will slide easily. Make part C and fasten to B with cigar box nails. This part can be made from cigar box lumber. Part D is made up of two pieces of wood, one thin and one thick, it is merely a slide and its construction can be learned from the end view. It is fastened in place with cigar box nails. Now we are ready for part E. It is

to be very thin and so a piece of good tough cigar box wood may be used. This part should not be difficult to make, but must be made very accurate or the toy will not work when finished. The edges of the slot must be very smooth and nicely rounded. This can be done with sandpaper.

Part F will have to be made with a Jack knife unless you are fortunate enough to have a small turning lathe as some boys have.

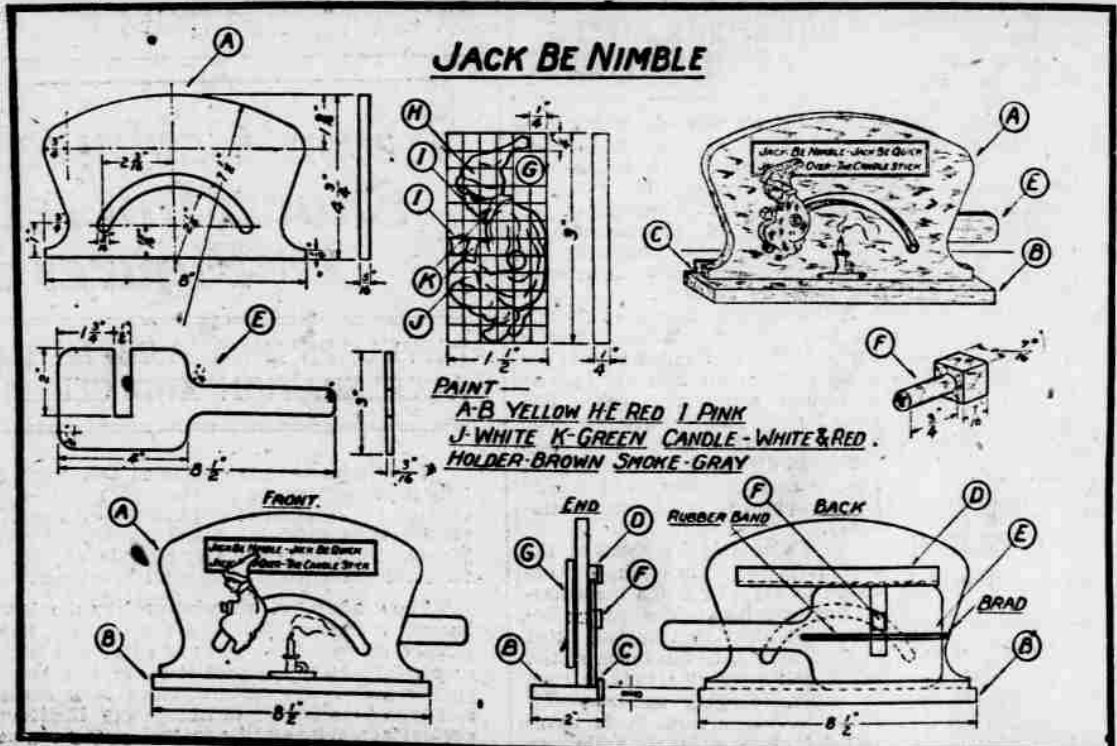
The last part to make is Jack, part G. Layout the squares on the piece of wood and trace in the figure. It is quite necessary that the grain in this piece should run in the right direction so the cap will not split off. I am going to give you a tip to bore the hole for part F before cutting out the figure, but I am going to let you figure out the direction the grain should run for yourself.

Drive brads for the rubber band and then assemble all parts according to the drawings. It will be found necessary no doubt to sandpaper parts here and there so they will work well, a little common soap applied to movable parts will make them work freely.

With a small brush decorate the toy as indicated on the drawing. To operate hold part B in the left hand grasp the handle on E between the thumb and first and second fingers of the right hand, pull to the right till Jack backs over the candle, release the handle and see Jack jump.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR
INSTRUCTOR, DEPT OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF CHICAGO



Every boy and girl has learned the old nursery rhyme, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candle stick, when they attended the kindergarten.

Here is a chance for you to illustrate the rhyme boys for the little folks. You can do it with some thin wood, your Jack knife and coping saw.

First make the base B. It is two inches wide and eight and one-half inches long. Find the thickness on the drawing.

Next layout with the pencil, compass and rule part A. Before sawing

to form, bore a row of 5-16 inch holes, removing the stock for the cut out in this part. Finish the sides of this slot with a knife, rat tail file and sandpaper. The sides must be very smooth so part F will slide easily.

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Solution Cut Out Puzzle